

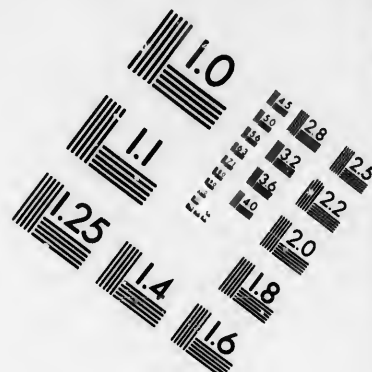
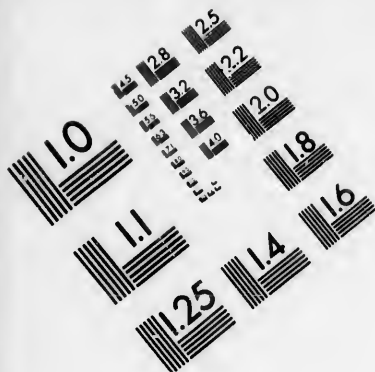
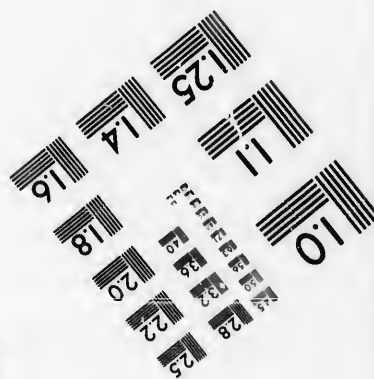
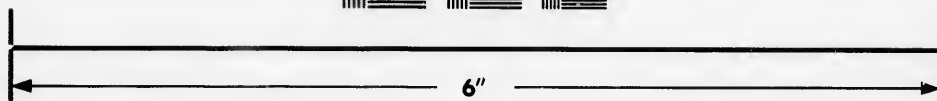
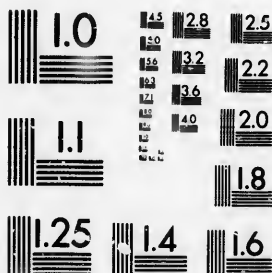


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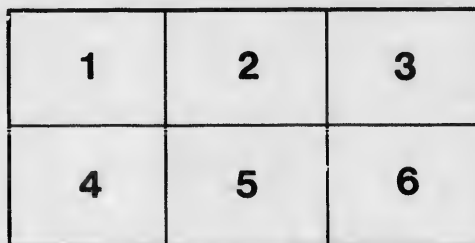
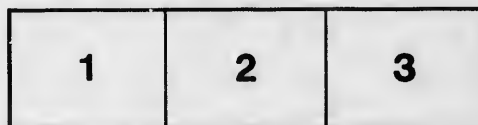
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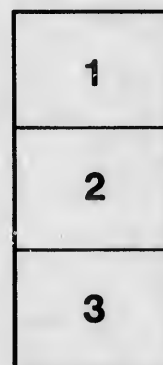
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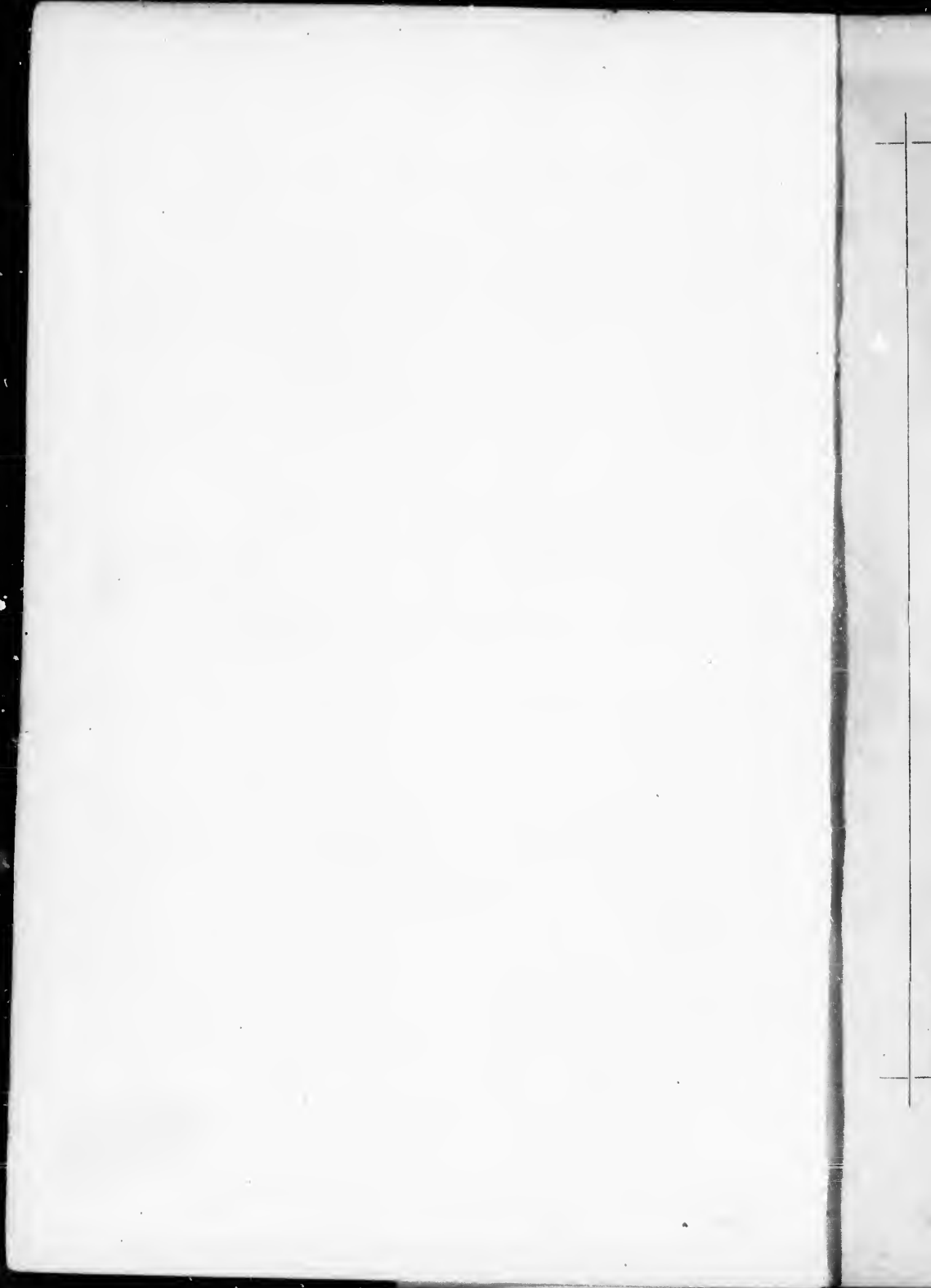
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NOTES
ON A
TRIP TO AMERICA,
1889.

BY
JAMES M'QUEEN,
OF CROFTS.

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Dora, Head

Preface.

HEARING that my friend, Mr James Biggar, was thinking of paying another visit to America revived in me an old desire to cross the Atlantic, which home and other duties had hitherto prevented me from gratifying. Last August circumstances seemed more favourable for my leaving home for a lengthened period, and on the 22nd of that month I found myself on board the "Vancouver," bound for Montreal.

The following notes give some idea of what we saw and heard "the other side the water," and I can only hope they may possess some interest for those who read them.

J. M. QUEEN.

CROFTS, DALBEATTIE, N.B.,
January 1890.

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NOTES ON A TRIP
TO
CANADA and the UNITED STATES,
1889

LEFT Liverpool on 22nd August, 1889, at 8 p.m., on board the Dominion Steamship 'Vancouver,' Captain Lyndall in command, and ran right to Moville (North of Ireland), 192 miles, where we took the mails on board and a few more passengers. Left at 4 p.m. on Friday afternoon, the 23d, the ship now crowded in every part. A great number of Canadians were returning home after seeing London and visiting the Paris Exhibition. The run up to noon on Saturday was 252 miles, but the weather from leaving Moville and all Saturday was cold and stormy, and all inexperienced sailors were not much seen on deck. On Sunday the weather was more settled. Service was held on board, and there was a good attendance; run up to noon 332 miles. On Monday the weather was finer, and many more passengers appeared on deck; run, 330 miles. Tuesday, weather fine, run 305; Wednesday, weather fine, run 314 miles; Thursday, fine, run 286 miles. Much colder, being in proximity to the icebergs. The ship was delayed for two hours

at the mouth of the Straits of Belle Isle, run 286 miles. I may mention at this stage that life on board a ship is very pleasant if the weather is fine, and the voyage not too long. There is always something going on to attract and help to pass the time, such as getting acquainted with new people, reading books, playing at rope quoits, shovel board, &c. ; also chess and whist at nights. I may mention that my friend and I had a quousing match with two Canadian gentlemen from Montreal, and I am pleased to tell you that the credit of the 'old country' was kept up.

On Friday we ran up the St. Lawrence River, and passed the Island of Anticosti, and called at Rimouski, where letters could be sent home.

Saturday, 31st. — Still going up the St. Lawrence. About thirty miles below Quebec we come to the Island of Orleans, which is 22 miles in length. After we pass it we see, away to the right, the celebrated falls of Montmorency, with a perpendicular descent of 240 feet, and a width of 50 feet. Many French-Canadian villages are seen on each side of the river, with their small white houses and big churches. We arrived at Quebec about three o'clock afternoon. A good many passengers landed, and left by train for their several destinations. Those who were going on to Montreal next day went ashore for a few hours

to see the city, as the ship would not sail until the morning. We drove up to the citadel, where we had a splendid view of the city and harbour. We also looked down on the Lansdowne Terrace, of which the city was proud; but, strange to say, not many weeks after we saw it it rushed, and fell on some houses underneath, and a good many people were killed. Quebec has a population of 75,000. It is an old city, and very irregularly built. The lower town abounds in narrow streets and quaint houses. The upper town has all the fine public buildings, hotels, &c. Quebec is a great lumbering centre, and an immense business is done in timber; a lot is shipped here for Europe. The Canadian Pacific Railway has its terminus here, and the distance to Vancouver City, the terminus on the Pacific side, is 3078 miles.

Sunday, Sept. 1.—We sailed up the St. Lawrence River to Montreal, and being a fine day, we saw the beautiful scenery on each side to great advantage. The St. Lawrence is a noble river, and the sail up it that day gave us so much pleasure and enjoyment that it will never be forgotten. We landed at Montreal about 6 p.m., and after having our luggage inspected and passed we drove to the Windsor Hotel, which is one of the largest and finest hotels in the world. Perhaps it seemed loftier and bigger to us after the small and confined berth we had to occupy in the 'Vancouver.' We certainly

felt a sense of freedom and space as we walked for nearly a quarter of a mile through a lofty corridor to our bedroom. Next day we went about the city, and we saw what a large and prosperous city Montreal has become. The population (with suburbs) now stands at 250,000. After luncheon we drove up to the top of Mount Royal, which rises 700 feet above the river. Here we have a splendid view of the city, and we can see away down the valley of the St. Lawrence, and the views on all sides are of great variety and beauty. Looking across the river, we see a part of the city occupying the east side. There are two islands, the Nun's and St. Helen's Isle. The latter is laid out as a public park. It occupies the bed of the river immediately below the Lachine Falls, and between them the river is spanned by the great Victoria Bridge. This wonderful piece of engineering is a tubular iron bridge, supported on twenty-four piers of solid masonry, which require to be extra strong to resist the enormous pressure of the ice in spring. Near at hand we can see the spires and domes of the numerous churches and public buildings, which rise above the general mass of houses. We see the wharves and docks crowded with shipping from all parts of the world. The industries are large, and we see saw-mills, engine works, woollen and cotton mills, large rubber works; also sugar refining works. The upper portion

of the mountain, an area of 430 acres, is laid out as a public park, and you see many fine trees shading the drives. Two cemeteries are on the western slope, the Roman Catholic Cemetery and the Mount Royal or Protestant Cemetery. I omitted to mention that Montreal is situated on an island about 30 miles in length, and 7 miles in breadth, at the confluence of the Rivers Ottawa and St. Lawrence. Next day, Sept. 3d, we took the cars to Sherbrooke to see the Fair. We passed through a very poor country. The arable land was full of stumps and stones, and between these and the awkward snake-fences my first impression of the farming in Canada was not a favourable one. The country near Sherbrooke improved a little. It is said to be good grazing land, but with the continued dry weather it had a barren look. The day was very warm, and the showyard was hot and dusty, but there was a great concourse of people, and a good turnout of stock. These fairs last for about a week, and the people all round the country flock to them. The harvest being over they make it an annual holiday. The buildings for the industrial work and also for the stock are permanent. Among the cattle shown there were some good Galloways, Herefords, and Shorthorns. The horses, however, were rather a poor class. We saw some good trotting, which is a great attraction at all the fairs. They make a track

for the purpose. A balloon ascent took place, which is another exciting feature of the fairs. The balloon went up about 4000 feet, and then the man came down on a parachute—a very dangerous looking performance. It evidently caused great excitement amongst the spectators. We left Sherbrooke in the afternoon, and returned to Montreal, and left again at 10.30 p.m., taking sleeping berths to Kingston, where we arrived in the morning. After we had breakfast at a hotel, we called on Professor and Mrs Marshall, who had been fellow-passengers on the 'Vancouver.' We also called for Rev. Mr Mackie, late of Dalbeattie, but did not find him at home. He is getting a fine new church built. The old one was burned down lately. Kingston is situated on the north-eastern extremity of Lake Ontario, where the St. Lawrence issues from it. There are many fine buildings. Kingston is the seat of the Queen's University and College, and of a Medical College, affiliated to the University. The Royal Military College of the Dominion is also at Kingston. The harbour is deep, spacious, and sheltered, and a brisk trade is carried on. Kingston as a naval station commands an important position. It commands the entrance to the Rideau Canal. We went to the fair which was going on, and saw the stock and other attractions. Being short of sheep judges, my friend, another gentleman, and I judged all the sheep

classes, and we were afterwards pleased to hear we had given the utmost satisfaction. We stayed over night with Professor Marshall. His house is beautifully situated close to the Lake, and we spent a very pleasant evening. Next day we went back again to the Fair for a short time, and then took the cars for Toronto, where we arrived about 7 o'clock, and went to the house of Mr Thomson (a cousin of Mr Biggar). Next day we walked into the city, and during the afternoon we drove round to see the rows of fine houses lately built, and broad streets newly laid out. We were greatly struck with the surprising rapidity with which it had sprung into a city of vast dimensions. In 1881 Toronto had a population of 86,000, and now it has over 140,000. Toronto is the capital of the province of Ontario, and is the second largest city in the Dominion of Canada. It is situated on a finely sheltered bay on the north shore of Lake Ontario. It possesses every advantage to make it a large commercial and thriving city; it is surrounded by a rich agricultural country; the harbour is safe, and admits of the largest Lake steamers. It is well served by railways, so that it forms an important commercial centre for distribution. The public buildings and churches are very fine. New Parliament Buildings are being erected in the centre of the Queen's Park. A new University has been built lately, an imposing structure of great architectural

beauty, in the Norman style, with a massive central tower. Toronto is possessed of every advantage for educational purposes. With the University College, the School of Practical Science, and other training establishments, it is enabled to give a most comprehensive system of training in arts and sciences to all who desire it.

Next day we left Toronto at one o'clock on the steamboat, and sailed across Lake Ontario, and up the Niagara River to Lewiston, where we took the cars for Niagara, and we went to a hotel on the American side near the Falls. We spent the whole of next day in viewing the Falls from different standpoints. I must confess to being rather disappointed at the first sight, but after seeing it from the American side and then from the Canadian side the wonder and grandeur of it gradually grows upon one. It is a most impressive sight to see the great rush of waters, a sight not easily forgotten. The Falls are formed by the Niagara River flowing northward from Lake Erie to Lake Ontario, and separating the State of New York from the province of Ontario in Canada. The river after leaving Lake Erie divides and passes round Grand Island. It then broadens and assumes the tranquility of a lake, until the commencement of the rapids, where it suddenly narrows and makes a descent of 52 feet in one mile, before its hurried waters are pre-

precipitated over a lofty chasm, forming falls of unequalled grandeur. The breadth of the river immediately before taking the leap is 4750 feet, but the centre is occupied by Goat Island, which rises about 40 feet above the water, and is 1000 feet in breadth. The distance between it and the American side is 1000 feet, and to the Canadian side about double that distance; but the verge line of the fall is increased by its horse-shoe shape. The height of the fall on the American side is 164 feet, and the Canadian fall about 150 feet. Where the waters fall down it is about 1000 ft. wide, but the river soon narrows, and the waters rush for seven miles through a deep ravine about 140 feet wide, with perpendicular banks rising to a height of from 300 to 350 feet. From the American side anyone can go down underneath the falls into what is called the 'Cave of the Winds,' but everyone requires waterproof overalls and a guide, and as the journey down is attended with considerable discomfort, it is scarcely worth the trouble. A small steamer called the 'Maid of the Mist' sails close up to the bottom of the Falls, but anyone can see it well enough from other points without running any risks. The river is crossed about 250 feet below the falls by a suspension bridge, which was comparatively new, the old bridge having been wrecked the previous year. A mile and half further down

the river is crossed by two railway bridges quite near to each other, and a glimpse of the Falls can be had when crossing. The name Niagara (thunder of waters) is the invention of an Indian tribe.

We left Niagara next morning for Buffalo. We went to the Fair which was going on, and saw some very fine animals, both cattle and horses. I saw a horse, 'Rufus' (3986), my own breeding. He won a prize that day of 600 dols., equal to £110. He was exhibited with four of his progeny, and this was a family prize. He was also first in his class. I saw a good three-year-old horse, bred at Knocklearn, Corsock. Buffalo is a very large and prosperous city. It is the eleventh in population in the United States. It is a port at the east end of Lake Erie, at the mouth of Buffalo River, and at the head of Niagara River, which is here crossed by a fine iron railroad bridge. The position of Buffalo on the great water and railway channels of communication between the west and east gives it a commercial importance surpassed by that of few other American cities. We remained over night at a hotel near the station, where the continual whistling and screeching of the engines effectually kept us from sleeping, and I declared it was the noisiest place I had ever been in. We left Buffalo next morning without any regret, and passed Niagara Falls on our way to London. We travelled through a very fine

country, famed for fruit growing. London lies in the midst of a fine agricultural country in the angle made by the confluence of the two branches of the Thames. The nomenclature of London is in great measure a reproduction of that of the great city whose name it has ambitiously borrowed. The chief industry is oil-refining, but it has extensive works for the manufacture of agricultural implements, waggons, carriages, &c., and it seems to be a rising and prosperous city. Next day we went to see the Fair, and I acted as one of the judges of Ayrshire cattle, of which there were a fine display. One of my fellow-judges was an old Scotchman, Mr Crawford, originally from Ayrshire, 49 years out. He intends coming to Scotland for the first time since he left it to celebrate his jubilee this year. My friend was one of the judges of Clydesdales. A great many of the best animals were bred in this county. We had another day at the Fair, and I went round the dairy department with the judges (one of whom was Professor Robertson). When they judged the cheese I thought the first prize very good, but I did not think so highly of the other lots. We went to the President's supper in the evening.

Sept. 13.—We left London in the morning, and took the cars for Guelph, where we were met by Mr M'Crae (a Balmaghie man), and taken to his farm a few miles from Guelph.

During the afternoon we inspected his herd of Galloways, and we were pleased to see so many very good and well-bred animals so far removed from their native home. Mr M'Crae has great credit with his herd. No man in Canada has done more than he to raise the general excellency of the breed, both for beef and crossing purposes, and the number of prizes he gains at the different fairs show that he is a skilful manager, but the Galloways are hardy, and are good at 'rustling' even on inferior keep. They seem to suit any soil or any climate. Next day we drove to Mr Sowerby's farm, and saw some of his Clydesdale horses. Some of the best were away at the Fairs. His stables are most convenient and suitable for horse keeping. We afterwards drove to Guelph, which is situated in a fine agricultural district on an elevation on the river Speed. Abundant water power is provided for flour mills, saw mills, and woollen mills. There are also breweries and tanneries. We afterwards went to visit the Ontario Agricultural College and Experimental Farm, situated about a mile from Guelph. This College is kept up by the revenue of Ontario. The net sum voted for all departments by the Legislature in 1888 was 39,456 dols. or nearly £7800, which puts to shame the sum of £5000 which our Home Government gives for Dairy and Agricultural Education for *both* England and Scotland. The average number of students attending the

college is from 110 to 140. They generally attend two years, but some go on for three in order to qualify for the degree B.S.A. (Bachelor of the Science of Agriculture.) There are nine Professors or instructors. The objects of the institution are as follows:—First, to give a thorough training in the practice and theory of husbandry to young men of the Province engaged in agricultural or horticultural pursuits, or intending to engage in such ; and second, to conduct experiments tending to the solution of questions of material interest to the agriculturists of the Province, and publish the results from time to time. We were met by Mr James Mills, the President, and were handed over to the care of those gentlemen in whose departments we were most interested—viz., Mr Thomas Shaw, Professor of Agriculture, and Mr J. W. Robertson, Professor of Dairy Husbandry. The first named is superintendent of the farm and experiments, and the last named is superintendent of the creamery and experimental dairy. The farm consists of 550 acres, about 400 acres of which are cleared. It is composed of almost every variety of soil, and hence it is well suited for growing all kinds of crops, and for stock-raising as well. A sad calamity befel the College last year in November. A fire, the work of an incendiary, took place, and all the barns and stables were completely burned down,

and all the feeding experiments were delayed for twelve months. When we visited it on the 14th September we found the buildings just about finished, and all connected with the College were looking forward hopefully to good work being done during the next twelve months. We drove round the farm with Mr Shaw and Mr Robertson, and saw many things worth seeing. I was particularly interested in the creamery, which is personally conducted by Professor Robertson, who is a great authority on all matters connected with dairying. We were also much interested in the corn crop, which was being cut at the time we saw it, and transported to the barn, where it was passed through a cutter, and put into a silo to make ensilage. It is said to be capital feeding for cattle. The corn crop was most luxuriant. A man on horseback would be hidden amongst it. After being hospitably entertained we left with the feeling that it is a wise thing for the Government of Ontario to have such an institution where the young men who intend to follow farming can obtain a practical training under such able teachers, so that their future farming will result in success. We left Guelph in the afternoon, and arrived at Toronto about nine o'clock, and went to Mr Thomson's house. Next evening, the 15th, we left for Ottawa, which we reached in the morning. We spent the most of the day in seeing the Central

Experimental Farm in company with the Hon. Mr Carling, Minister of Agriculture, and Professor Saunders, Director of the Dominion Experimental Farms. There are now five Experimental Farms—one at Ottawa, to serve for both Ontario and Quebec, and called the Central Farm ; one in the Maritime Provinces, one in the North West Territories, and one in British Columbia. The objects aimed at in starting these farms were as follows :—‘To conduct and verify improvements designed to test the relative value for all purposes of different breeds of stock and their adaptability to the varying climatic or other conditions which prevail in the several Provinces and in the North West Territories ; to test the merits, hardiness, and adaptability of new or untried varieties of wheat or other cereals, and of field crops, grasses and forage plants, fruits, vegetables ; and trees, conduct experiments in the planting of trees for timber and shelter ; examine and investigate the diseases of domestic animals, also of cultivated plants and trees, and generally to conduct any other experiments and researches bearing upon the Agricultural industry of Canada. We were very much interested in what we saw of the experiments being carried on, and very good results may be expected from them, which will be most valuable to all the agriculturists in Canada, and will help to make farming both profitable and

successful. Already a new variety of wheat has been introduced, which ripens ten days earlier than the common sorts. It is called Ladoga wheat, and was brought originally from Russia. These and other things are what are being done to help the farmer, and I am sure that under the able guidance of the Minister of Agriculture, and the practical direction of Professor Saunders, these experimental farms will continue to be a great success. Part of the afternoon we spent in seeing Ottawa and the Parliament buildings. Qttawa is the capital of Canada, the seat of the Supreme Court, and the residence of the Governor-General. It is picturesquely situated at the junction of Rideau River with the Ottawa. The Chandiere Falls, which here interrupt the navigation of the river, afford water power for a host of saw mills. We went down and saw the mills. It was interesting to watch how methodic lly everything was done from the time the logs were separated on the river and sent to different saw mills until the boards were sawn and squared ready for transportation to any part of the globe. Vast quantities of lumber are floated down the Ottawa River, and the lumbering industry must be an important one to Ottawa. We dined with the Hon. Mr Carling, at his Club, and met some other gentlemen connected with the Government. We left Qttawa by last train, and took sleepers for Toronto, where we arrived

in the morning. We spent the day at the Toronto Fair, which is the most important fair in Canada. All the different animals that have taken prizes at the local shows come together here to try conclusions with each other, so you are sure to see some very fine animals. We saw some good Galloway and Ayrshire cattle, also some excellent Clydesdales. Next forenoon we left Toronto for Owen Sound, a port on the Georgian Bay, where the Canadian Pacific steamships start for Port Arthur. Went on board the steamer 'Alberta,' sailed through Lake Huron, and passed through the Soo Canal at Sault Ste Marie into Lake Superior. Next day we experienced a very bad storm, and the ship being lightly loaded she tossed very badly. Once when a wave struck her very heavily some of the passengers rushed on deck thinking she was going to sink. The most of the passengers as well as the stewards were sick; one morning no breakfast could be had, and the only excitement was hearing the smash of crockery, when the ship gave an extra lurch. The ship had to run for shelter until the storm passed. In consequence of this detention we were twelve hours late when we reached Port Arthur, and had other twelve hours to wait for the cars. We left Port Arthur at 2.30 afternoon, and got to Winnipeg at noon next day, Sept. 22d. I was so completely knocked up that I went to bed immediately and had the doctor to see me. (

the 25th I began to feel a little better, and next day I got out of bed and had a short walk and breathed the fresh air, which did me so much good that next day again I felt so well that we left Winnipeg at 2 o'clock afternoon for Burnside St., about 60 miles further West.

On account of my illness I did not see so much of Winnipeg as I would have liked. Winnipeg is the capital of the Province of Manitoba, with a population of 25,000. It is now a rising and prosperous city, and has got over the disastrous results of the 'Boom' which took place in 1882-83. At that time an enormous rise in values took place, and the speculation was of the wildest; and the collapse that followed brought down almost all the business men of the city. Winnipeg was formerly known as Fort Garry. It is situated at the junction of the Red and Assiniboine Rivers, both navigable for steamboats. It was for many years the chief post of the Hudson Bay Company. Manitoba now commands a vast trade to the north and west, being at the eastern edge of the prairies, which run for a thousand miles to the Rocky Mountains. It has now some handsome buildings, and the main street, which is 132 feet wide, and block paved for a mile, is stated to be one of the best streets in Canada. Winnipeg is now an important railway centre. It is on the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, extending from Montreal to Van-

couver, which has five branches out from it—the St. Paul, Minneapolis ; Manitoba Railway connect with St. Paul, Minneapolis, and Chicago. This railway company is building on Main Street a fine station, which will help to raise the value of property. Two of my friends, while I was laid up, employed their time in buying two blocks of buildings nearly opposite the new station, and they confidently expect to realise a handsome profit in a few years. After leaving Winnipeg the country we passed through seemed as level as a billiard table, but there is really 100 ft. of ascent from Winnipeg to Portage la Prairie. A belt of land round Winnipeg, extending to Poplar Point, is almost unoccupied, being mostly in the hands of speculators, who will not sell at market prices. After passing High Bluff, and on past Portage la Prairie, the land is all settled, and large and well-cultivated farms are seen on every side. We left the cars at Burnside Station and drove to Mr Kenneth Mackenzie's house, where we remained for two days, and Mr Mackenzie drove us all round the country, and we saw some of the finest wheat land in Manitoba. A large tract of land, extending from High Bluff to Burnside Station, and away north to Manitoba Lake, is unequalled for wheat growing. I saw a field where nineteen crops of wheat had been grown without any manure, and only one ploughing each year, and the last crop was as

good as the first. But after a field has been cropped with wheat for several years it is a great help to summer fallow it. This helps to clean and rest it, and the next crop is largely increased. The wheat land here will average from 25 to 30 bushels per acre, according to the season, and after summer fallowing, and a good season, it may get up to 40 bushels. This last season the crop was very short all over the country owing to the drought. The yield of bushels per acre for Manitoba for 1889 is given—Wheat, 12·4 bushels; oats, 16·8; barley, 13·6; potatoes, 119 bushels; hay, 1·04 tons; while the average for five years ending 1887 is as follows:—Wheat, 20·6; oats, 33·7; barley, 25·8; potatoes, 205 bushels; hay, 1·53 tons. But in the year 1887, by itself being a good season, the average is much higher—Wheat, 27·9; oats, 46·2; barley, 36·3. The crops this year are said to be the smallest in the history of the province, but fortunately they were all well secured. Some of the wheat crops we saw standing waiting to be thrashed seemed to be a full average, but the crops in this district of Manitoba suffer less from the weather changes than many other districts. Land can be bought here for about 20 dols. per acre—that is good land, and cropped, with suitable buildings. When out driving with Mr Mackenzie we intended calling on Mr David Livingstone, who has a nice farm at High Bluff, but we met his man—

Adam Thomson, from Kirkpatrick-Durham—driving a team, who told us he had left for Winnipeg that morning to meet his sister, so we did not go further. We called at Portage la Prairie, which is situated on the Assiniboine River. Population over 4000. It is a rising place. Being the market town of a rich and populous district it has large grain elevators, flouring mills, and other industries. The Manitoba and North-Western Railway has a branch from here extending 180 miles northwest towards Prince Albert, with branches to Rapid City and Shell River. We were taken to see two Clydesdale horses well-known by name in this country—'Bounding Willow' and 'Granite City.' We afterwards returned to Burnside, going by a different road in order to see some new country. The farms are large, and the farm houses look cheerful and prosperous, as if the times had been good. Though the wheat is low in price at present, the farmers have taken to rearing cattle, which has paid well with the present high prices for stores. A good many store cattle have been sent from Manitoba to this country, and sold here at prices that must pay the breeder. Mr R. Mackenzie, who was our host for two days, we found a most energetic, intelligent man. He was one of the first settlers in that part of the country, and he is now owner of many farms, and is a member of the Manitoba Legislature.

He and his wife came over twenty years ago, and settled on the very place where they still live—by the side of a creek. The trail from St. Paul to the north-west came right past his house and through the creek, and hundreds and hundreds of settlers came along this trail, and they always camped across the creek, being common land. Mr Mackenzie once saw five hundred waggons camped there at one time. They often ran short of provisions, but they generally got supplied at Burnside Farm, and though some of them could not pay at the time they always paid, though it was years after, and Mr Mackenzie, in all these years, said he did not lose ten shillings. We left next day with great reluctance, having received so much kindness from both Mr and Mrs Mackenzie; but time was passing, and we could not delay. We took the cars at 4.12 p.m., but we did not see much of the country as it was soon dark. We took sleepers for the night. During the night we passed Brandon, which is a rising place, said to be the largest grain market in Manitoba. It is the centre of an extensive and well settled country. The Assiniboine River is crossed by an iron bridge before Brandon is reached. We also pass Indian Head, near the centre of the famous Bell farm, embracing 100 square miles. The furrows on this farm are usually ploughed four miles long, and to plough one furrow outward, and another returning, is a half-day's

work for a man and team. We did not see this with our own eyes, but we believe it to be true. We also passed Regina during the early morning. It is the capital of the north-west territories, and is the distributing point for a large country both north and south. The Lieutenant-Governor has his residence here, and the Executive Council their meetings. It is also the headquarters of the mounted police, a well-regulated military force about 1000 strong, stationed throughout the north-west at the expense of the Dominion, to keep order among the Indians, and to prevent the selling of liquor forbidden by law in the territories. Regina is the centre of the largest block of wheat land in the north-west ; so it is a flourishing town. In the morning when we got up we found we were travelling through miles and miles of rolling prairie, some of it blackened and desolate looking, the grass having been burned by prairie fires ; very likely set on fire by a spark from the engine. Some places we saw a broad band of furrows ploughed near the railway track to prevent the fire from spreading. Some of the land was very worthless, and we saw some salt lakes, all bitter. As we went along we saw some coyotes, or prairie wolves, running about, also a lot of gophers—small animals who burrow themselves in sand holes as the train goes along. Near the Old Wives' Lakes we saw old buffalo trails, and the level prairie was

scarred and pitted by the buffalo 'wallows.' At Swift Current Station we bought some polished buffalo horns from the Indian squaws. They always attend when the trains are in. They gather them on the prairies. We afterwards saw hundreds and hundreds of tons of buffalo bones strewn over the prairies, where they had been shot by the Indians. My friend looked at them with a commercial eye, and we may yet hear of them being landed at Dalbeattie. At Dunmore a branch of the railway goes off to Lethbridge—110 miles—where there are coal mines. The town is supported by the cattle ranches, and farming is carried on successfully in the vicinity. The South Saskatchewan is crossed by a fine steel bridge before we arrive at Medicine Hat. There we saw a fine large grizzly bear, 16 months old, chained. We had arranged with Sir John Lister Kaye—to whom I had a letter of introduction—to meet him at Calgary, and go from there to look at one of his farms; but while travelling along the conductor told us his car had been attached to the train. That is the way he travels from one farm to another. We went aboard his car to see him, and as we found he had to step off at Gleichen we removed our luggage to his car and slept in it when we got to that place.

Oct. 1.—After breakfast we drove with Sir John L. Kaye and his Secretary to one of his farms—Namaka, 11 miles from Gleichen. There

we saw some good breeding mares and a Clydesdale horse. The farm buildings are substantial and commodious. A new kind of wind-mill has been erected lately to pump water ; it is also used to grind corn and cut hay. By a simple contrivance when it blows a gale it can be thrown out of gear. We drove a good long way over the prairie to see the teams ploughing up new prairie land. There were fourteen teams all double-furrow ploughs, with three or four horses in them. The furrows were one mile in length, and the ploughs were doing very good work. We drove further on to see new shelters provided for both cattle and sheep during winter. We did not see the cattle, as they were still away at their summer grazing, but 500 will be wintered on this farm, the hay being plentiful. 2000 sheep will also be wintered ; we saw them, all ewe lambs, a Merino cross, on another part of the farm. Sir John L. Kaye manages for a London Company. They have eleven farms, each 10,000 acres, at different points along the line, bought from the Railway Coy. They have 90 teams on the different farms, and will have about 500 cattle and 2000 sheep at each farm. 18,000 sheep were already bought at the time we were there. Being an exceptionally dry season the crops had not been so good as usual. The turnips were a failure, owing to the want of rain. They get the Indians to thin and weed them, and also to work

at the hay. We saw some of them forking hay off a waggon. The Indians are fond of money, and they buy rifles and finery for themselves. We would drive 35 miles before we got back to Gleichen, but the prairie air is so pure and bracing that one does not feel a bit fatigued. We went to sleep again in Sir John Kaye's car, and awoke up in the morning to find ourselves at Calgary. This is a rising and prosperous place, is the capital of Alberta, and the most important town between Brandon and Vancouver. It is the centre of the great ranching country, and is the chief source of supply for the mining districts in the mountains beyond. The demand for town lots and lands has increased to an extraordinary extent during the last few months, and Calgary promises in the near future to be one of the largest trading towns in the north-west. It is situated near the junction of the Bow and Elbow Rivers, within fine view of the Rockies, and just over the foot hills. As we were anxious to see some of the best cattle and horse ranches, we hired two horses in a buckboard and a driver, who was supposed to know the trails, and started at midday to drive away down to the ranching country. We drove along the old trail to Macleod, which is about 110 miles away. We passed through some settled country at first, but we soon got into the prairie land. We forded two rivers, but

with the dry season the water was very low, and there was no difficulty in crossing. The trails were also good, owing to the dry weather. We shot four prairie chickens as we went along. We rested the horses an hour and had supper at Sheep Creek. We started again at 7 o'clock and drove in the moonlight to High River, where we stopped for the night, having forded the river immediately before arriving. Next morning we started at 7.30, and drove a long way through the prairie, and shot another chicken. My friend fired at a coyote, and struck it, but was too far away to kill it with small shot. Got to Mosquito Creek (Cochrane's Ranche) about 9 o'clock. Saw some good Galloway cows and their calves. A small herd of Galloways is kept here. They were imported from Netherby and neighbourhood. They thrive and do well on this ranche, and the percentage of calves is higher than in any other breed. Called at the house and saw Mrs Cochrane, who comes from the borders near Kelso. Afterwards we drove to see a roundup of cattle, but they were mostly cows and calves. They were herded together by the cowboys on horseback. It would not be safe for any one on foot to go among ranch cattle. We had dinner with the cowboys. It consisted of well-cooked beef and potatoes, pudding, and apple pie, and good black tea ; so we fared not amiss. There was another large roundup of beef cattle across

the river which we much wished to see. We started to drive to where they were, but the ground was uneven, and we had an accident to our trap, and by the time we got the wheel patched up it was going to be too late for seeing the cattle, so we turned and started off to drive to the Quorn Ranche. We had a long drive across the prairie, and had a fine view of the Rocky Mountains, which were about 40 or 50 miles away. Their sharp-pointed peaks were white with snow, and they looked imposing in the distance. After we crossed the river we drove eight or ten miles, and then found the driver had missed the trail for Quorn Ranche, and if we continued we would be benighted on the prairie and left in darkness—not a very pleasant prospect, so we decided to drive back and ask for shelter at a house we had passed about nine miles back. Here we found a Scotchman—Duncan Macpherson—who gave us a right hearty welcome. We found quite a colony of Scotch people—a Major Eckford (from Largs) and his son, a partner in the ranche, also a ploughman and his wife (who did the cooking) from near Thornhill. Next morning we found this a horse ranch. We saw some good horses, and hundreds are bred on it. We then started, and got on to the right trail, and drove a long way across the prairies. We passed through some very queer places. It was like going down the side of a house into the

bottom of the creek, and going up the house again at the other side, but the horses pulled well, and we did not get into any mess. We wondered how the Governor-General would get on with his carriage and four horses going through some of these queer places, as he was to drive from Fort Macleod to Calgary, by way of the Quorn Ranche, where we were going. I saw a picture in the *Graphic* lately where he and his company were depicted driving through a deep creek with four horses, but he was well attended by mounted police, so I suppose every care would be taken to ensure his safety. As we drove along we saw some coyotes running about. When we got on the Quorn Ranche we found it good ranching land, being well watered and sheltered. We saw some good Irish mares with foals. After we got to the house Mr Martin drove us with two mules to see about eighty Polled Angus heifers, two years old, lately imported from Scotland. There was a proportion of fine animals, but a great many were shotts. They did not seem to thrive so well as the Galloways we saw the day before. We did not see the ranche cattle, as they were too far away. 500 fat steers were to be shipped to Glasgow shortly after we saw them. We saw some good thorough-bred horses, a Norfolk Punch, and a coaching horse. The Quorn Ranche is a very large one. It keeps about 8000 cattle and 1500 horses. It is one of the

best in the country, and runs all the way to the foothills of the Rockies. The snow does not lie long. 'Shnoock,' or warm wind, from the Pacific Ocean, comes through some of the passes of the Rocky Mountains, and strikes on this ranche, and melts the snow. In olden times, when the buffalo roamed at pleasure over the prairie in countless numbers, they used to winter on the low-lying ground by the side of the river on this ranche, and no Indian was allowed to fire a gun for fear of frightening them away. If the Indians wanted food one of them had to creep in and shoot one with an arrow as quietly as possible. After luncheon we left the Quorn Ranche about three o'clock and had a long drive into Calgary, arriving there about seven. We had supper at the Royal Hotel, and left Calgary at 1.20 in the morning by the cars, and got to Banff Station at 5.20 in the morning, and drove in the 'bus, about two miles, to the Banff Springs Hotel. My bedroom window overlooked the Bow River, with its rapids, and the point where it is joined by another river—the Spray. When I looked out and saw this sight, with the mountains away in the distance white with snow, and the sun beginning to rise, and sending a red glow over everything, I thought it the finest sight I had ever seen. The Banff Hotel stands on a pretty high elevation above the Bow River. The mountains surround it on every side, and

they are well wooded up to the tops. The Twin Mountains, near the hotel, in front, rise up very abruptly, and their tops are white with snow. Beyond the river and village rises the Cascade Mountain, about 10,000 feet in height. There are many other peaks appearing behind, with snow lying in the nooks and crannies of the rocks. The hotel is replete with every comfort, and a visitor will be bad to please if he is not satisfied with the comforts provided, added to the beauty of the neighbourhood. In the forenoon we walked two miles to see the hot sulphur springs. One is in a grotto, and is made suitable for bathing. The other spring is out in the open in a large basin, also made suitable for bathing. The water bubbles up from the bottom, and the temperature is about 92 degs. There are other hot springs near the hotel, but the water from them is taken in a pipe to the house, where baths can be had by visitors more conveniently than going to the springs. In the afternoon we went across the river and walked to the top of Tunnel Mountain. It is a very stiff climb, but I succeeded in climbing up much better than I expected, and it was a sure sign that I was well again. The air amongst the mountains is very pure and bracing, and one feels little or no fatigue. We had a splendid view from the top of the mountain—the Cascade Mountain right in front, with its waterfall caused by the melted snow,

hence its name ; further away is Peachee Mountain, 10,000 feet ; also, Squaw Mountain, beneath which lies the Vermilion Lakes. We also saw rivers flowing rapidly through narrow passes in the mountains. Next day we got up early and walked to the Sulphur Springs, where we had a bathe in the open basin. The water is very buoyant. In the forenoon we went to the Presbyterian Church, where the organ was played by Miss J. Mollison, who also sang asolo. After luncheon we drove about nine miles to the Devil's Head Lake. It is surrounded by high mountains, and is very deep. Trout of extraordinary size are caught in it by trolling at a depth of 200 feet. The trout are often 40 lbs. in weight. During our drive to the lake we passed through hundreds of acres of timber burned by fires. It was a sad blot on the beautiful scenery. The Dominion Government have done, and are still doing, a lot to improve the place, and make it attractive. They have turned it into a National Park, about 26 miles in length and 11 miles in breadth. No part of the Rockies exhibit a greater variety of scenery, and nowhere are so many good points of view so accessible, since so many good roads and bridle paths have been made.

Next forenoon (Oct. 7) Mr John Dyke, Canadian Agent, Liverpool (who had joined us at the Banff Hotel), Mr Biggar, and myself went to call on Mr Stewart, Superintendent of

the National Park. Afterwards, attended by Mr Connor, Park Ranger, we had a sail in a small steamer several miles up the Bow River. The water is so pure and clear that the mountains, with their white peaks, the clouds, and the trees, were reflected in the water with so much clearness that they could be better seen in the water than by looking at them direct. I never saw it anywhere else with so much clearness. In the afternoon the same party drove to Anthracite to see the coal mines there. The coal is smokeless, and is more valuable than soft coal. The mines have only been worked since the railway was opened. They have been sold lately to a London Company, who will work them more extensively. There are immense deposits of coal. One vein—called the mammoth vein—is within a few feet of the surface. We left Banff Hotel early in the morning by the train due at 5.20. When daylight came we found ourselves running through the mountains, snow-capped and peaked to the skies. At Laggan the railway leaves the Bow River. Looking upward through the gap in Bow Range, towards Bow Lake, and the huge peak of Mount Hector, we have the first view of the great glaciers. At Stephen—altitude, 5296 feet—is the summit of the line passing through the Rocky Mountains. After passing Hector Station the line runs through the Wapta, or Kicking Horse Pass. The scenery

is now sublime and terrible. The line clings to the mountain side ; one wonders how it could have been made at all. At Field we stop for breakfast at the Mount Stephen House, which is not far from the base of Mount Stephen. The canyon rapidly deepens, until beyond Palliser the mountain sides become vertical, rising straight up thousands of feet, and within an easy stone's throw from wall to wall. With the towering cliffs almost shutting out the sun-light, and the roar of the river, and the noise of train increased an hundredfold by the echoing walls, the passage of this terrible gorge will never be forgotten. The train suddenly emerges into daylight at Golden, and the broad river seen ahead is the Columbia. From Golden to Donald the railway follows down the Columbia, on the face of the lower bench of the Rocky Mountains, the Selkirks all the way in full view opposite. Leaving Donald the railway crosses the Columbia to the base of the Selkirks. Rogers' Pass, through which the railway runs, is between two lines of snow-clad peaks, with glaciers distinctly visible. After the line leaves Selkirk Summit it makes its way westward by a devious course. Far below, and many miles away, can be traced the railway track, seeking the bottom of the valley by a series of extraordinary curves, doubling upon itself again and again. Passing through a long snow shed, and round a sharp curve, brings the train to the

Glacier House, right in front of the great glacier of the Selkirks. The train stops here thirty minutes for dinner at the hotel, which is a handsome structure, resembling a Swiss chalet, and serves not only as a dining station for passing trains, but affords a delightful stopping place for tourists who wish to hunt or explore the surrounding mountains and glaciers. Game is very abundant throughout these lofty ranges. Their summits are the home of the big horn sheep and mountain goat, the latter almost unknown southward of Canada. Bears can always be obtained. The train continues its downward course, and, following round the mountain side, The Loop is soon reached, where the line makes several startling turns and twists—first crossing a valley, then doubling back upon itself, it at last shoots down the valley parallel with its former course. After passing Albert Canyon Station the train runs suddenly along the very brink of several remarkably deep fissures in the solid rock, whose walls rise straight up hundreds of feet on both sides. The most striking of these canyons is the Albert, where the river is seen 300 feet below the railway, compressed into a boiling flume scarcely twenty feet wide. The train stops here a few minutes, and solidly built balconies enable passengers to safely look into the boiling cauldron below. At Revelstoke the line follows along the Columbia River. It is

navigable from here southward for 200 miles. Kootenay lake and valley are easily reached from here. Lower down the Columbia River is crossed by a bridge half-a-mile long. The river is much broader here than it was at Donald. We skirt the great Shuswa Lakes, the centre of one of the best sporting regions on the line. Northward, within a day, caribou are abundant ; and southward, about thirty miles, the deer shooting is unequalled on the continent ; and on the lakes there is famous sport in deep trolling for trout. Kamloops is the principal town in the Thompson River valley. The north fork of the Thompson comes down from the mountains 200 miles northward, and here joins the main river, whence the name of the place, which is an Indian word, meaning a river confluence. It is a beautiful spot. The principal industry round Kamloops will always be grazing, since the hills are covered with most nutritious 'bunch-grass.' Agriculture and fruit raising flourish wherever irrigation can be applied. This is the supply point for a large ranching and mineral region. Southwards, just below Kamloops, the Thompson River widens out into Kamloops Lake, a broad, beautiful, hill-girt sheet of water, along the south shore of which the railway runs some twenty miles. After dark, looking out of the cars, we saw lights on Thompson River, said to be Indians with lights spearing salmon. This river is said to swarm

with salmon in the proper season. At Lytton the canyon suddenly widens to admit the Fraser, the chief river of the province, which comes down from the north between two great lines of mountain peaks. The railway now enters the canyon of the united rivers, and the scene becomes even wilder than before. Six miles below Lytton the line crosses the Fraser by a steel cantilever bridge. The line now follows the right hand side of the canyon, with the river surging and swirling far below. We had breakfast at North Bend Hotel, a great stopping place for tourists. At Boston Bar, four miles below, the principal canyon of the Fraser River commences, and from here to Yale (23 miles) the scenery is not intensely interesting, but startling. The line runs along, and close to the river, often through short tunnels. At Hope we saw some Chinese washing out gold in the Fraser River. At Hammond we saw a Chinese camp. The Chinese work on the railway. We saw some of them having dinner. The train stopped close to the camp, so we went out and saw them use their chop sticks when eating rice. Below Hope the canyon widens, and is soon succeeded by a broad level valley with rich soil and heavy timber. Near Harrison Station the Harrison River is crossed just above its confluence with the Fraser. A few miles beyond Nicomen, Mount Baker comes into view on the left; and miles away a beautiful

isolated cone, 13,000 feet above the railway level, at the crossing of the Stave River, the finest view of Mount Baker is seen. The Fraser has now become a smooth but mighty river. Immense trees are now frequent, and their size is indicated by the enormous stumps seen near the railway. The rivers and creeks in British Columbia are swarming with fish—salmon and trout. In the Fraser River at certain seasons the whole river is full of salmon, and a wonderful story is told of the salmon overturning a coach which was crossing the river at a time they were so numerous. I could believe it, after seeing the number of fish in one small pool close to the line. They were in such numbers as to be literally swarming. The canning of salmon is now a most important industry in British Columbia. Last year (1888) the value of the fisheries in British Columbia was 5,159,695 dols. This season was also good for fishing. An unusually large take of salmon was got out of the Fraser River. The greater part of British Columbia is covered with timber, so the proportion of agricultural land is small. There is some good arable land south of the Fraser River, and on the Delta at its mouth. The lumber trade is a source of great profit to this State, the trees are so large and well grown. There are a good number of varieties, but the Douglas Pine seems to top them all. We now come to New Westminster

junction, where a branch line goes off to New Westminster, an important town at the mouth of the Fraser River, about eight miles distant. We pass Port Moody at the head of Burrard Inlet, which for a time was the terminus of the railway. We arrive at Vancouver City, the Pacific terminus of the railway, at 2.15 p.m. A steamer is awaiting the arrival of the train, as many passengers go on direct to Victoria, the capital of British Columbia, and situated at the south side of Vancouver Island, about six or seven hour's sail. We, however, step off and go to the Vancouver Hotel, which belongs to the C.P.R. Vancouver is nearly 3000 miles from Montreal. Its population when we were there was said to be 15,000. The city has grown very rapidly. I never saw a place being built up so fast, and with such fine and substantial buildings. On March 1, 1886, the present site of the city of Vancouver was an unbroken forest. On April 16, 1886, the city was incorporated, a mayor and alderman being duly elected. On 5th May the C.P.R. Co. first put their property in the market, which was eagerly sought for. Great improvements were made during the next two months, but they were nearly all obliterated by the fire of the 13th of June following, which swept all the houses but two or three out of existence. All suffered great loss, and many were rendered penniless, but the citizens were equal to the

occasion, and by four o'clock the following morning lumber was being hauled in to rebuild the city, and the motto *nil desperandum* was adopted, with a result never previously surpassed, if ever equalled, in any case on the continent, when we consider its growth as well as the substantial character of the improvements. The first train reached the City May 23d, 1887, and the first steamer from Hong Kong the following month. Vancouver is beautifully situated on Burrard Inlet, and the situation is most perfect as regards picturesqueness, natural drainage, harbour facilities, and commercial advantages. The water supply is brought across the Inlet in peculiar shaped pipes from a mountain stream opposite. There is a regular steamship service to China and Japan, to Victoria, San Francisco, Alaska, and Puget Sound Ports.

The distance from Liverpool to Yokohama, via Quebec C.P.R. and Vancouver, is	9946 miles.
Liverpool to Yokohama, via New York and San Francisco, is	11,151 ..
A saving of	1205 ..
Liverpool to Hong Kong, via Quebec C.P.R. and Vancouver	11,548 miles.
Liverpool to Hong Kong, via New York and San Francisco	12,753 ..
A saving of	1205 ..

The saving of time and distance is considerable, and is likely to throw more of the China and Japan trade over the Canadian Pacific Railway by way of Vancouver. We saw some Scotch

friends in Vancouver, and they were glad to see anyone from the old country. We, however, found Scotchmen everywhere, and if they are steady and persevering there is no fear of their success.

Next day we made enquiries as to the quickest route to San Francisco, and we found a steamer sailed on Friday from Victoria direct to 'Frisco, and as we would arrive at San Francisco a day sooner than by the overland route by Tacoma and Portland we decided to go by sea. We left Vancouver at 3 p.m. in the daily steamer 'Islander' for Victoria. We left Vancouver with some regret—parted company with Mr John Dyke, who had been our companion for some time, and we could have stayed longer at the hotel, it was so comfortable. We arrived at Victoria about 8 o'clock, and went to the Driard Hotel. Next forenoon we drove round the city and through the New Park. Victoria has a population of 14,000. It is a very nice city, and well built. It is close to one of the inlets of the sea. The climate is good, dry, and bracing, and no extremes of temperature. There is not much agricultural land in the island, it is all so well wooded. We saw some very fine trees. Fruit grows well. We met some friends, and they saw us off at 1 p.m. by the steamship 'City of Prublo,' bound direct for San Francisco.

Perhaps it will be as well at this stage, before we leave Canada, to give some idea of the climate, which is so important a factor in all matters relating to the prosperity of the country, and also of the resources and future capabilities of the Dominion of Canada. Canada comprises an area of about 3,500,000 square miles, which, in superficial extent, is nearly equal to the whole of Europe. The variations of the Canadian climate are less than in many countries of smaller extent. Canada, as a whole, has much greater heat in summer, and a much lower temperature in winter, than in European latitudes. The severity of the winter, as tested by the thermometer, leads to a very exaggerated impression of Canadian experiences. Owing to the dry, clear, bracing atmosphere which generally prevails, the sense of discomfort produced by the east winds and damp fogs of English winters suggests an idea of cold such as is rarely thought of in Canada. Throughout the greater part of the winter season in Canada the sky is bright and clear, and the weather thoroughly enjoyable. Open sleighs are in use by all. Snow accordingly brings with it no such ideas of discomfort as are associated with it in England, while by the farmer it is hailed as altogether beneficial. In the Province of Quebec the snow begins to lie early in November. In Ontario it is fully a month later, and it differs correspondingly in various localities throughout the Dominion.

Everywhere the appearance of snow is hailed as beneficial. It protects the wheat sown in autumn from the frost, affords facilities to the farmer for bringing his produce to market, aids the lumberer to bring the fruits of his labour in the forest to suitable points for transport by water with the spring freshets, and so contributes alike to business and pleasure. January and February are the coldest months of the year. Throughout the whole of Canada steady sleighing is reckoned upon during these months. In Quebec and Manitoba a longer period for sleighing can be relied on. The Canadian climate is marked by the striking contrast of two seasons—summer and winter—bringing with them alterations of fruitful labour, and of repose, intermingled with profitable industry and pleasure. The frosts of spring and autumn, not those of winter, are what the Canadian farmer learns to regard with any dread, and this is still more true in reference to the Canadian fruit grower. The soil and climate of Canada are such that the country produces a much greater variety of grains, roots, and fruits than what is usually grown in Great Britain or Ireland. The wild fruits abound in great variety throughout many districts. The cultivated land is now very extensive in Canada, though the wheat land is being curtailed in the older provinces, where the breeding and rearing of stock—especially sheep—has been found to

be more profitable. The wheat area in Manitoba and the north-west provinces is being widely extended, there is still so much good prairie land to be broken up and settled; but even in Manitoba, owing to the low price of wheat, cattle raising is being extensively carried on. The export of cattle and sheep from the St. Lawrence is larger this year than it has ever been.

1888—Cattle,.....	61,092.	Sheep,	45,851.
1889—Cattle,.....	85,596.	Sheep,.....	58,834.

About 14,000 of the cattle would be sold as store cattle for feeding on, for which there was a great demand in this country. A great proportion of the cattle came from the ranches in Alberta, and also from the wheat farms in Manitoba. The cattle we saw in Manitoba had a good deal of the shorthorn cross in them, while those in Alberta showed more of the Hereford, evident from their white faces. A good many other crosses are being tried, but on a smaller scale. When sailing up the St. Lawrence River we met several boats full of cattle, with large bales of hay piled on deck to feed the cattle during the voyage across. The boats we saw were going at a good speed. There are arrangements being made at present to make shipments from Chicago *via* Montreal, direct to this country, of grain of all kinds, fruits, sheep, horses, and all agricultural products. Timber is one of the

greatest sources of wealth in Canada. The forests abound in fine wood adapted to almost every variety of useful or ornamental work. Large quantities of white and red pine are annually exported to the United States and Europe. One of the great sights in sailing up the St. Lawrence River—a sight we were fortunate to see—is a great raft of timber, sometimes consisting of 150,000 cubic feet bound together, and like a floating village, with its shanties, its blazing fires (securely kindled on an earthen hearth), and its banners streaming in gala fashion as it glides along. Some people spend their holiday in floating down the river on one of these mighty rafts, and a very pleasant time it is said to be. It may take weeks to float down and land the raft safely in one of the timber booms at Quebec. Furs are another source of wealth to Canada, though not so large as formerly; but there is still a vast extent of unoccupied territory away north of Hudson Bay and Alaska. The minerals of Canada are another great source of wealth, and since the railways have opened up the country the mineral resources are being fully disclosed and turned to account. The fishing industry must not be left out. In 1888 the value of the fisheries amounted to 17,418,750 dols., and the deep sea fisheries are being further developed. You will thus see that the resources of the Dominion of Canada, being so valuable and so

varied, she will become in a short time a great and wealthy country, and be able to compete against the world. The opening of the Canadian Pacific Railway three years ago from ocean to ocean gave a great impetus to all the trades and industries of Canada. The making of this railway was an engineering feat unequalled in the history of railways. You can now ride for 3000 miles ahead without stop or break, and on cars noted for their superior comfort, and you will see varieties of scenery not to be seen in any other country. This railway serves as a connecting link between the older provinces and the new; and it is doing more than anything else to unite this vast dominion. It brings its separate peoples and provinces together, and it has opened up a new field hitherto unknown and unexplored, which will occupy the energy and enterprise of the Canadians for years to come. It is wonderful to see how quickly the good land everywhere near the railway is being taken up and settled, and we see rising and prosperous cities and towns where a few years ago it was the haunt of the buffalo and other wild animals. Now, the varieties of soil and climate between the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans are so different that anyone can find a climate or style of farming to suit himself—either on a wheat farm in Manitoba or north-west territories, or a ranching farm in Alberta, or a fruit-growing farm in

British Columbia. I would not advise any one to go to Canada if he were contented and doing well at home; but if he be not succeeding up to his expectations then I would advise a man with health and energy to go, as there are far more openings than in the old country. The land is cheap, and if a man is steady and persevering, with ordinary intelligence, there is little fear of his success. A man with a family about grown up—especially of sons—is generally the most successful of settlers. The education in Canada is free, and is well managed; and with the railways and other means of communication opening up the country the disadvantages of having no church or school is being largely overcome. The Canadians are a loyal and contented people. The position which Canada now occupies as a dominion formed by a confederation of self-governing provinces—united under a Central Government, with its own Governor-General, Cabinet Ministers, Senate, Parliament, and Supreme Courts of Law, yet nevertheless remaining an integral part of the British Empire, and acknowledging the sovereignty of the Queen—is unique in the history of nations, and strikingly illustrates the adaptability of British institutions to the novel requirements of a free people. What Lord Dufferin said about Canada in 1874, after an extensive tour through the provinces, will hold good to-day—‘Everywhere I have learned that the people are

satisfied—satisfied with their own individual prospects and with the prospects of their country ; satisfied with their Government and the institutions under which they prosper ; satisfied to be the subjects of the Queen ; and satisfied to be members of the British Empire.' Before leaving Victoria I would mention that passengers coming by the Canadian Pacific Railway, and intending to go the Alaska trip, would join the steamer at Victoria. The Pacific Coast Steamship Co. run steamers every fortnight during the season, and thousands of tourists have gone the trip in 1888, and more in 1889. The excursion fare is low—about 100 dols. from Victoria, and it includes everything for about three weeks' travel. Alaska lies away to the north, and along the side of British Columbia, and numerous islands abound along the coast, and the scenery is grand. A guide book thus describes it—'All who visit it are charmed ; all tell the same story of the matchless grandeur of the trip, of the midnight sun, of the placid waters, of the aurora borealis, of the majestic mountains, of the inland seas, of the mighty glaciers, of the thundering icebergs plunging into the sea, of the wealth of fish, timber, and minerals, of the queer customs of the natives, of novelty and startling incidents that may well make the trip the object of a lifetime. There is nothing like it. Without doubt it is "the biggest show on earth."'

We left Victoria on Oct. 11, at 1 p.m., direct for San Francisco. We had a fine view of the island when sailing down the bay and through the Strait of San Juan de Fuca. The Olympic Mountains rise very high on the mainland. Towards evening a heavy swell got up, caused by a south-east wind, and the ship rolled considerably. The next day the weather improved, the sun shone out, and it was a beautiful day. We saw four large whales. They spouted up water like a fountain, and two jumped right out of the water. A man said he had seen a large shark, but we did not see it. The sea birds followed the ship very closely to pick up any food thrown out. The white snowy clouds looked beautiful. The water of the Pacific Ocean is a greeny colour—quite different from the dark Atlantic. We thoroughly enjoyed the day's sail. Next day was also fine and pleasant, so the ship made a quick run, and arrived at San Francisco about six o'clock, making the run in 53 hours. As we passed into the harbour we went through the Golden Gate—a strait about five miles long, and averaging about one mile in width. After having our luggage inspected and passed, we took a 'bus to the Occidental Hotel. Next morning, after arranging for tickets by way of Denver and Chicago, to Toronto, we called on Mr Balfour; and in his office we were introduced to Mr Williamson from Liverpool. We had followed him round

all the way. He is M.P. for Kilmarnock Burghs. We took the cable cars and went down to the Golden Gate Park. It is one of the great attractions of the city. It consists of 1050 acres. It was once a shifting sand-dune. It is now beautifully laid out with drives and walks. It has fine forest trees, plants, and flowers, and the grass turf is very close and green. There is a fine conservatory, and a place for holding concerts in the open air. After seeing the Park we took the steam car and went down to the beach, where we saw the waves rolling in. They are very treacherous. About every seventh wave comes up much higher; and if one is not quick the result follows of wet feet. We went up to the Cliff House to see the seals on the rocks, a short distance from the shore. There are hundreds of them, of all colours and sizes. They keep up a constant deep growling, so they are sometimes called sea lions. They are one of the sights of San Francisco. It is interesting to watch them, especially when they leap into the sea. We returned to the city by another way—by a railway which runs round the cliffs—and we had a fine view of Golden Gate and the harbour. San Francisco is a large and wealthy city, with a population of about 300,000—60,000 being Chinese. It is situated on the end of a peninsula, which has the Pacific Ocean on one side and the Bay of San Francisco on the other.

It has a fine sheltered harbour, and has shipping connections with all parts of the world. The system of cable cars is very perfect. The cars run up very steep streets with the utmost safety. At one time the wealthy people lived across the ferry at Oakland ; but now, since the cable cars have come into general use, they have fine houses built up on the highest hill—hence its name, 'Nob Hill.' Away at the back of the city we saw the sand hills being levelled. I suppose this ground will be built upon some day. After dinner we got a guide, who spoke Chinese, to take us round to see the Chinese quarter at night. It is the general fashion for visitors to do this, as the customs and mode of living of the Chinese are peculiar. We went to the Temple, or Joss House, where they keep the gods they worship. All the gods and decorations come from China. We looked in at some of the opium dens, but the atmosphere was dense and heavy, and we did not remain long. It is a sad sight to see some of the confirmed opium smokers, they are such wrecks. We also looked into the theatre, which was crowded. The males sit on one side and the females on the other. One of the actors who was playing is a great favourite, and gets 6000 dols. a year. We went to the Curiosity Shop and bought some Chinese things to take home as mementoes of Chinatown. A Chinaman, when he dies, has his body sent back to China for

burial. He sets aside a sum to pay for the transportation.

Oct. 15.—Left San Francisco at 8 o'clock in the morning and went across on the ferry to Oakland Pier, where we took the cars for Sacramento—not by the direct route, but round about to see more of the country. After we left Oakland we passed through a fine fruit country. Grapes and peaches grow well, when irrigation is applied. After leaving the fruit country, we got amongst the round hills where ranching is carried on, but to get winter fodder for the cattle they grow wild oats, which they cut before being ripe, and it makes capital feeding for cattle. The tops of the hills are ploughed, because they are flat, and the sides are very steep—an unusual sight. The grain is planted in autumn before the snow falls. The country around Stockton grows good wheat. When it is being harvested a combined machine is used, which cuts it, thrashes it, bags the grain, and throws the straw back on the ground. It requires a team of ten or twelve horses or mules to work it. Sometimes it is propelled by an engine. There is a flour mill at Stockton, where natural gas is used for light. It is a good agricultural country all the way along the river to Sacramento, where we arrived at 2.30 p.m. Leaving our luggage at the depot we took the cars into the city, and saw the State Capitol and the Legislative Assembly Hall.

It is the capital of the State of California. We went up the dome, and had a fine view of the city. A good deal of fruit is sent away from Sacramento. We saw them putting huge blocks of ice on the tops of refrigerator cars, where fruits and vegetables of all sorts and kinds can be carried for long distances without risk of spoiling. The American River joins the Sacramento River at this point, and the river becomes navigable for large steam boats. We went aboard the express train for Ogden at 10.30, and took sleepers. We saw none of the country until Reno, where we had breakfast. The country from there to Elko (300 miles) was a perfect desert—nothing but sand and sage bushes. It was the most forlorn and dreary country I ever saw. It is said to extend for 1500 miles, and is marked on the map as the Great Desert. Along the sides of the rivers, or creeks, where irrigation can be applied, there are small patches of alfalfa, or sanfoin, which is made into hay for cattle. If irrigated after cutting it can be cut several times during a season ; but the last season has been unusually dry, and little water could be got ; and all the lakes and holes that used to hold water were quite dry. Some of the cattle we saw looked miserable objects—I suppose for the want of water. We took sleepers again for the night, and when we got up in the morning we found ourselves near Ogden, where we had breakfast,

and changed cars for the Rio Grande Western Railway for Utah. Ogden is in the State of Utah, and is distant from San Francisco 895 miles. The country through which we passed—from Reno to near Ogden—is in Nevada. We left Ogden at 8.10 a.m. Its distance from Denver is 771 miles. In about an hour we sighted Salt Lake City—the home of the Mormons. The train stopped five minutes, so we only got a glimpse in passing of the Mormon Temple, Tabernacle, and Assembly Hall. The city is well built, and has trees growing along the sides of the streets. A good deal of water is used in the city for irrigating gardens, trees, &c. The city has a prosperous look, and the country around is well cultivated, and no one could tell in passing that this was the home of the Mormons—the possessors of a ‘peculiar creed’ and ‘many wives.’ The population of the city is said to approach 50,000. On the west of the city lies the great Salt Lake, which is salt like the sea. It has no outlet, and the river Jordan runs into it. As we pass along we see some good agricultural land. Some of it is in grass, and large herds of cattle grazing. At Battle Creek the land gets rougher and more hilly—a good deal of sand and sage bushes. We saw from the cars three large droves of sheep evidently being removed from their summer grazings to winter quarters. There are no features of interest or beauty until we come

to Soldier Summit, where we pass through the first snow sheds on this line. At several places they have shelter shields instead of sheds to keep the snow from drifting on the line. The railway line is narrow gauge, but it is being changed. We saw lots of men and horses busy at different points cutting off the sharp curves and widening the track. Near Castle Gate the Price River runs down the valley, and the line along the side of it. At Castle Gate the valley narrows, and the mountains rise up almost perpendicular on each side, hundreds of feet in height, and the top is like the battlements of a castle. The train stops for a few minutes, and everyone is awed by the beauty and grandeur of the scene. Further down the valley some coal mines have been newly opened, and they promise to be productive. The valley after this opens out considerably, but the steep bluffs still show on each side. Between Farnham and Sunnyside the land becomes flat and undulating, and has little or no vegetation. We passed over Green River, and we took sheep again. The country between Green and Grand Rivers—over a hundred miles in extent—is said to be a billowy desert, so we did not miss much. During the night we passed out of Utah into Colorado at State Line. Beyond Montrose the Black Canon is entered. At times the canon narrows, but sometimes it widens out, and one can see the steep cliffs that tower heavenward

two or three thousand feet. Currecanti Needle is the most abrupt and isolated of these pinnacles. We now come to Gunnison, where we stop for breakfast. From there we passed through some fine country, until we began to climb the mountain after passing Sargent. The train was divided, and two engines put to each. We were in the hind carriage of the last portion. The line doubles again and again upon itself, until there are three lines above one another along the side of the mountain. We see the first portion of the train slowly crawling upwards, hundreds of feet above us. We follow slowly, but surely, and watch the ponderous engines gradually pulling us upwards, and after passing through numerous snow sheds we at last gain the summit of Marshall Pass, 10,890 feet in altitude. The view which is seen from the summit is replete with grandeur and beauty. The snow lies right from the line to the top of the mountains. Mount Ouray towers above the surrounding peaks. The air is very rarified at this extremely high point, and some people are affected by it. After a short rest the trains are coupled together, and we start down grade. The going down is more exciting than the going up. The train went round the curves at a good speed, with the brakes well on, but the cars inclined out; and, looking down, you could see a sheer precipice hundreds of feet right down to the river.

However, we got down safely, and there was a sigh of relief when we reached the level. After we pass Salida we enter the Grand Canon of the Arkansas. The line clings to the side of the rock, with the cliffs high at each side. Where the cliffs rise highest—about 1000 feet high—it is called the Royal Gorge, and in some parts the sun's rays never penetrate. Some of the passengers went out on an open car, which was attached to the train to enable them to view the canon better. After this we came to Canon City, and on to Pueblo, where the train takes a turn in a northerly direction, a distance of 120 miles from Denver. From here Pike's Peak can be seen towering high above all the other mountains—14,000 feet in height—with its sharp peak white with snow. We passed Colorado Springs (a great health resort) after dark, and arrived at Denver at 9 p.m.

We found Denver a rapidly rising city—altitude 5300 feet. The population was said to be, when we were there, 150,000 ; in 1888, 110,000 ; in 1880, 35,000. The mean annual temperature is 53·7 degs, and it is said to be the most healthful city in America, the death-rate only being 10 per 1000. We stopped at the Windsor Hotel, and having an introduction to Mr Morse, one of the proprietors, from the Rev. J. Gillespie, we made ourselves known to him, and found him a most intelligent and well-informed man ;

indeed, I did not meet a gentleman during the whole of my American trip in whom I was more interested than Mr Morse, and he showed us the greatest kindness during our stay in Denver. He runs a farm of 10,000 acres in connection with the hotel. It is a few miles out of the city, and is called the Windsor Farm, and seeing we were both interested in all matters relating to agriculture he kindly took us out to see his farm and stock. We found it a most complete and well-managed farm. Over 100 dairy cows are kept to supply the Windsor Hotel with milk and butter, and the surplus is all sold in the city at good prices. Butter is sold at 52 cents. per lb., and milk at $33\frac{1}{2}$ cents. per gallon, which are good prices ; but everything is so carefully managed that there is a great demand for both butter and milk. Mr Morse can supply sterilized milk if required. 55 of the dairy cows are pure-bred Holstein-Friesians, and I became very much interested in the Advanced Register, by means of which the milking qualities of this breed are very much improved, as no cow can be entered until she produces a certain quantity of milk or butter, and the quantity is very large. Mr Morse dishorns all his cattle. He has a most ingenious contrivance for holding them, by which they cannot possibly hurt themselves. The horns are taken off in thirty seconds, and in less than half-an-hour afterwards they are quietly grazing. Mr Morse

also keeps a small but select herd of Galloways, mostly imported from well-known herds in Scotland. The young cattle bred on the farm are extremely promising. . About 200 hogs are kept to eat up the refuse from the hotel, and when fat they are killed, and the whole hog is made into sausages, which are famous, and are called the Windsor Farm sausages. We watched the process of sausage making with interest. There are also 120 hives of bees kept, looked after and managed by a German, who gets half the profit for remuneration. Last year his share was 650 dols. There are about twenty acres of the farm turned into a vegetable garden. All the crops require irrigation. We saw some splendid alfalfa hay put up in large stacks. It can be cut several times during the season when irrigated. Next day we had a ride round the city in the cable cars, and saw how fast it is being built up. There are now some very fine public buildings and private residences, and when all are finished Denver will be a fine city. Colorado is one of the finest States in America—famous for its minerals, its equal climate, and the large number of sheep and cattle raised in it. With irrigation any kind of crop can be grown; and in this it very much resembles South California, which has one of the finest climates in the world.

We left Denver for Chicago at 8 p.m., and took sleepers. Next morning, when we got up, we were passing Oxford, in Nebraska State. When we got to M^cCook we found the time one hour forward. The country is mostly agricultural, and a large quantity of Indian corn is grown, but it is all fed to cattle and hogs. We passed Hastings, a thriving and growing town. After this the land improves, and is better cultivated, and some trees and hedges are being grown, which improves the appearance of the country. We saw a thrashing machine at work, drawn by twelve mules. Passed Harrard. Still large fields of Indian corn, some uncut and some in stook. The farm houses here are larger and more prosperous looking than they are in some parts of the settled country. We saw large lots of cattle, mostly cows and young cattle. We saw plenty of large hay stacks, which will be used for fodder during winter. Passed Sutton, another rising town, with large buildings. All the land we passed through, until we came to Exeter, was very flat, and had been prairie before being ploughed up. Exeter is another new and rapidly rising town. Here we saw some unusually large and well-bred cattle. We stopped twenty-five minutes at Lincoln for luncheon. It is the capital of the State of Nebraska, and is an important town. There is a good cattle market, and large sales of pure-

bred cattle take place here. Nebraska—of which it is the capital—is a central State. The greater part of Nebraska is a plateau, and the average height is 2312 feet above sea level. The average rainfall along the Missouri is 40 inches a year; in Western Nebraska it is 20 inches. Nebraska is exceptionally healthy, especially for people of consumptive tendency. This is owing to its elevation above the sea, the dryness of the atmosphere, and the great amount of ozone in it. The name Nebraska signifies land of broad rivers. Chief of all is the Missouri, which flows in a tortuous course for 500 miles along its eastern boundary, and is navigable for 2000 miles above Omaha. Next in importance is the Platte, which flows through the whole length from west to east, and falls into the Missouri below Omaha. We passed over the Platte River before we got to Omaha, which is a very large and wealthy place. We crossed the Missouri River between Omaha and Pacific Junction, which is in the State of Iowa. This State is bounded on the east by the Mississippi River, and on the west by Missouri and Big Sioux Rivers. It has a very level or undulating surface. Its mean height above the sea is 925 feet. It is a fine agricultural country, and well cultivated. In the production of Indian corn it stands second, and of wheat fifth, among the States of the Union. We saw large lots of cattle of good quality; also, herds

of hogs feeding on the Indian corn. We took sleepers at Red Oak, and passed over the Mississippi River about midnight after leaving Burlington. We were now in the State of Illinois. This State is very level, but the soil is of great fertility, and much of it seemingly unexhausted. A ridge of land to the south end of the State, constituting the fruit district of that district, is called 'Egypt,' on account of its never-failing fertility. The great crops of Illinois are Indian corn, wheat, and hay, and great attention is also given to the raising of live stock. Next morning we got up at Aurora and found the train an hour late. We reached Chicago at 9 o'clock, and went to the Palmer House, where we found lots of letters from home awaiting us. We had not got any since leaving Winnipeg. Chicago is a wonderful city. Everything about it is done on the biggest scale, and for wealth and importance it is second to no city on the American Continent except New York, so I will not begin to describe it. In the forenoon we called at the *Breeder's Gazette* office and found two Scotchmen there (Galbraiths), and had an interesting talk with them and the editor, Mr Sanders. We went out by the cars to Downer's Grove to call on General Ducat, who keeps a small herd of Galloways. They are well bred, and full of quality, and seem to suit the district. He is going in for sheep. We saw a lot of 300 ewes, well selected.

The land seems suitable for sheep rearing, being dry and undulating. The General lives on his own land, and it is well laid out and nicely planted with trees, a good many of them well grown oaks. Next day we took the cable cars to the Union Stockyards, where a market for cattle, sheep, and hogs is held every day in the week. We expected to see Mr John Clay (of Clay, Robinson, & Co), but he was absent from the city. To give you some idea of the magnitude of the market I will give you the numbers of Monday and Tuesday before we were there on the Wednesday, 23rd October.

	Cattle.	Hogs.	Sheep.
Monday,.....	14,469	28,715	13,156
Tuesday,	9,000	21,000	9,000
	<u> </u>	<u> </u>	<u> </u>
Week before Christmas,	45,306	176,480	32,374

During the past year (1889) the numbers of animals received at the Union Stockyards, Chicago, were — Cattle, 3,040,000; hogs, 6,000,000; sheep, 1,850,000; calves, 123,000; horses, 80,000. But when you see the large number of cattle and hogs killed and passed through at Armour & Co.'s and Swift & Co.'s packing and tinning premises you do not wonder at the large numbers of live stock sent to the Stockyards to sell every day. There is a very great difference in the prices of the different kinds of cattle. The well-bred corn-fed steers sell at 5 dols. to 5·25 dols., and Texan steers from 2·15 dols. to 3 dols. per 100 lbs. live weight, so it should be

the interest of every one to make the fat steers as choice as possible. We went through Armour & Co.'s killing premises, and saw the expert fashion in which everything is done—from the time the animal is killed until it is hung up ready to be cut and made ready for transportation to all parts of the world. In the hog killing place every man engaged is very expert. The man who sticks them did 9 in 30 seconds, and the work is carried through in proportionate quickness until they arrive in the freezing room. In the cattle killing place the men are also very expert, but the place is overcrowded, and the floor is saturated with blood, so we did not stop long. To give you an idea of the 'bigness' of things in Chicago, attached to the Palmer House Hotel there is a hair-dressing and shaving establishment where 25 barbers are constantly at work from morning to night. You hardly ever see an empty seat. The fittings were said to have cost 40,000 dols. We left Chicago at 3.35 p.m. by the Grand Trunk for Toronto. We got our luggage examined and passed before leaving to save us getting up at midnight when passing the State Line into Canada. After leaving Chicago the line runs through a small corner of Indiana before it gets to the State of Michigan, through which it runs until the line passes into Canada. This State, being nearly surrounded by lakes, has a coast line about 1600 miles in length. It

is a good wheat-producing State, the average being higher than in any other State in the Union. The average wheat crop all over the United States will be low this year, probably not more than 12 bushels per acre ; last year (1888) it was 11.1 bushels per acre. It grows fine apples and peaches, and the timber produce is of superior quality. It is probable that Michigan for many years to come will maintain its precedence as a lumber producing State. Of course, travelling through the night we saw little of the country, and when we got up in the morning we were travelling in Canada. My friend went off at Guelph, but I went on to Toronto, where I arrived about 10 o'clock. Went down town, and finally arranged for berths on the 'City of Paris,' which sailed from New York to Liverpool on the 30th. Next day I went and saw some friends from Castle-Douglas. Having a day to spare I left at 5 p.m. for Claremont to see the Graham Brothers, who take out a lot of Clydesdale horses to Canada every season. Next day I had a look round the horses, and found them quite a superior lot—good sizes, dark colours, and plenty of quality, and just the thing to suit the Canadian taste. One specially good two-year-old horse was 'MacClaskie,' dam 'Kelpie,' grand-dam an old mare 'Darling,' still in my possession. His sire was 'Macgregor.' He was first as a yearling at the Royal Show at Newcastle. Mr

R. Graham afterwards drove me to see Mr John Miller, Brougham, an old Scotchman often over in this country with the late Simon Beattie, and whom I had promised to visit if possible, so I got a very hearty welcome from him. Mr Miller has a very good shorthorn herd, mostly descended from the Sittyton herd, in Aberdeen, lately sold to go to South America. The young cattle were excellent, and will yet take prizes in Canada. Mr Miller keeps a nice flock of Shropshire sheep, for which there is a great demand at present, especially in the States. There is going to be a great 'boom' in sheep in America. I saw in the *Breeder's Gazette* last week an extract from a *Texas Live Stock Journal*—'It is reported that heifets are being traded for sheep even up in Jeff Davis' County. A few years ago they traded sheep for chickens in Eagle Pass.' Mr Miller says nothing pays him better than the sheep. Things have taken a turn that way lately. Swedes grow well on his farm. I saw them lifting a very fair crop. I returned to Toronto that evening, and the next day, being Sunday, we spent a quiet day with Mr and Mrs Thomson and their family. We stayed with them any time we were in Toronto, and received the greatest kindness and hospitality at their hands.

We left Toronto on Monday at 12 p.m. direct for New York. The line runs within sight of Lake Ontario all the way to St.

Catherine's. The land to Hamilton is well cultivated, and a good many orchards are seen. The country is well wooded, and the autumn tints on the leaves were very fine. As the train passed through one town I saw a house being moved right up the centre of the street. I suppose it is a common thing in America. The line from St. Catherine's runs right to Niagara, where our luggage was again inspected and passed before we entered the United States. We crossed the river too far down to get a glimpse of the Falls. It soon became dark after this, but we knew we were running close by a canal from the names of the stations—Lockport, Middleport, Brockport, and Adam's Basin. We stopped fully an hour at Rochester and had supper. We took sleepers there, and when we got up in the morning we were passing Tarrytown, on the Hudson River. We were in time to see a short bit of the beautiful scenery, which extends all the way from Albany down the Hudson River. We arrived in New York at the central Station about seven o'clock, and went to the Windsor Hotel. In the forenoon we walked up the Fifth Avenue and saw some of the splendid mansions built by the Vanderbilts, Goulds, and other millionaires. This is the most fashionable street in New York. We afterwards walked through the Central Park. Its area is 843 acres. It is nicely laid out with drives and walks, and the trees and shrubs

grow luxuriantly. The grass is green and smooth—more like English grass than any I had seen. When we left the Park we took the elevated railway down to the low end of Broadway, which is the oldest and longest street in the city. Wall Street, which is now after Lombard Street the most important haunt of moneyed men in the world, has some very fine banks and business offices; indeed, New York strikes one as being very substantially built. Some of the blocks are very high—up to fifteen stories. The two great public works of the city are the Croton Aqueduct, which carries the water supply to the city, and the suspensien bridge spanning the East River, connecting New York with Brooklyn. In the afternoon we went to see the Brooklyn Bridge, and went over on a car pulled by a cable, and walked back over it. There are two lines for cars, two for waggons or carriages, and one elevated footway for pedestrians. It is nearly 2000 yards in length. The towers—between which the central span extends—are 277 feet above high water, and rest upon a rock foundation 80 feet below the surface of the river, and 40 feet below its bed. We saw in the newspapers next day that the people crossing the bridge had been counted that day we were over, and the number from 12 o'clock Monday night to 12 o'clock Tuesday night (twenty-four hours) was 110,114. There is a fine view from the bridge of New York city

and Brooklyn ; also, of the harbour, and we saw the large figure of Liberty, with the hand aloft, erected on a small island near the entrance to the harbour. New York, the principal city of the United States in point of wealth and population, and, next to London, the most important commercial and financial centre in the world, lies mainly on Manhattan Island between the Hudson River on the west and the East River on the east. The population of New York, including only Brooklyn and Jersey City, will now be over 2,000,000.

Oct. 30.—After breakfast at 8 p.m. we left the hotel in a cab, with all our luggage, for s.s. 'City of Paris,' Inman Line. When we arrived at the wharf we found the usual bustle and excitement consequent upon the starting of a large ocean steamship for England. We soon had our luggage aboard, and taken to our berths, so we were at liberty to watch the passengers coming on board. Some came at the very last minute, even after the signal was given for removing the foot bridge, and some steerage passengers, with their bedding and bundles, arrived at this stage and delayed the ship still longer. We got off, however, before ten o'clock, steaming slowly until we were well out of the harbour. As we left the ship's berth we saw steamships belonging to other lines—Cunard, White Star, Guion, Anchor, and Hamburg lines. The ships belonging to the

last-named company are fast sailers. The 'Britannic' and a Hamburg steamer left shortly after the 'City of Paris.' The former was soon left behind, but the latter stuck pretty close to us until after darkness set in, and we did not see her in the morning. We passed Sandy Hook at 11.50 a.m., and they count from this point to Queenstown. We had now time to look round and see what a large and well-appointed ship she was. The 'City of Paris' is a ship of 10,500 tons ; length, 580 feet ; breadth, 63½ feet. Everything about the ship is fitted up in the best style for the comfort and convenience of passengers. The berths are lighted by the electric light, and very well ventilated. There being only 200 cabin passengers we were by no means crowded. My friend and I had a spacious berth, which usually holds four, so we were very comfortable—a great contrast to the 'Vancouver.' Among the passengers on board were Sir Julian Goldsmid, Mr J. W. Mackay (said to be the richest man in the world), and the great Dr T. De Witt Talmage, the Brooklyn preacher, who was starting with his wife and daughter for the Holy Land. The 'City of Paris' is so well equipped with engines that she is one of the fastest steamers afloat, and she may be appropriately called an ocean greyhound. And now began a passage to England which was to end the fastest on record. Favoured with fine weather and clear moonlight nights,

and an absence of fog, and no delays, she averaged about twenty miles an hour the whole way. The weather being fine nearly every passenger was on deck the most of the day. We met a large steamer—the 'Adriatic'—on the Thursday. She lowered her flag as we passed. We also saw a large sailing vessel, said to be bound for the West Indies. About four o'clock we met an Inman steamer—the 'City of Chicago'—and both ships mounted their flags. The steamers passed so close the passengers on both ships waved handkerchiefs. Anything of this kind causes a little excitement. The different lines of steamers are known by the colour of their funnels. The Inman Line is black, white band, and black top. Run up to noon 440 miles. Next day—weather fine, no excitement; run 444 miles. Next day—weather fine, ship steady, no fog; run 451 miles. Next day—weather fine, rather breezy, which caused the ship to roll a little. Met two steamers—the 'City of New York' and the 'Teutonic'—evidently racing, they were so close to each other. Had service in the saloon, conducted by Captain Watkins. Run 460 miles. Next day—weather fine in forenoon; a slight rain during the afternoon. The ship rolled a little; the wind westerly. The *City of Paris Gazette*, printed on board in mid Atlantic, issued to-day. Run 454 miles. Another fine day. We sighted the coast of Ireland in the forenoon. The wind

blew very strong off the land. We sailed near the coast, and saw several lighthouses. About 4 p m. we sighted the steam tug from Queens-town. She took some passengers, mails, and telegrams on board. After a very short detention our ship went ahead, and we had made the fastest passage on record between Sandy Hook and Queenstown—5 days, 22 hours, and 57 minutes. We had run up to noon that day 455 miles, and it was 73 miles more to Queens-town. We now had 240 miles to Liverpool, and we expected, all well, to get into Liverpool early in the morning.

Nov. 6.—We were knocked up early for breakfast, and found that we were going up the Mersey. By nine o'clock the passengers were ready to go on the tender with the luggage, which was taken to the Customs and passed. We got ours over about ten o'clock, and then took a cab with our luggage to the station. We could hardly realise that we had left New York exactly a week before. We had time to call and see some friends before the train left, and were complimented on our improved looks and fast passage. We left Liverpool at 1.45, and only stopped at Preston, and got to Carlisle about 4 o'clock—a very fast run; very different to the American trains. We had an hour in Carlisle, and arrived in Dumfries at 6 o'clock, and were very glad to get back home again, after an absence of exactly eleven weeks. I was asked by a lady what I thought of this country *now* after all my travels. My answer to her was—'More than ever.'

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